

## **Epitaph**

by Julia Denton

Immersed in happiness and strife  
how short, how long, is every life.  
Too much time lost to argument,  
too many thoughtless hours spent,  
and yet we give each other much  
with clumsy fingerprinted touch.  
In cross of grieving hard to bear,  
in balm of laughter sweet to share,  
the patterns every soul must take  
we each embellish, bless or break.  
Through endless grind we labor on,  
but like a vapor too soon gone  
we fall to time's relentless knife—  
how long, how short, is every life!